

Bacon (R.) 13
THE FAMOUS

H I S T O R Y

OF

Jrvar Bacon;

Containing the

WONDERFUL THINGS

THAT HE DID IN HIS

L I F E;

Also, the Manner of his

D E A T H:

WITH THE

LIVES and DEATHS

Of the two

C O N J U R O R S,

BUNGEY and VANDERMAST.

L O N D O N:

Printed for H. W. 1766.

THE LANCET

HISTORY

OF THE

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And the Power of his

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The Famous

H I S T O R Y

OF

Fryar Bacon, &c.

C H A P. I.

*Of the Parentage and Birth of Fryar
Bacon, and how he addicted him-
self to Learning.*

HE was born, by most Men's
Opinions, in the West Part of
England, and was Son to a wealthy
Farmer, who put him to School to
the Parson of the Town where he was

born ; not with Intent he should turn Fryar, (as he did) but to get so much Understanding that he might manage the better that Wealth he was to leave him. But young *Bacon* took his Learning so fast, that the Priest could not teach him any more ; which made him desire his Master that he would speak to his Father to put him to *Oxford*, that he might not lose that little Learning that he had gained ; his Master was very willing so to do, and one Day meeting his Father, told him, that he had received a great Blessing of God, in that he had given him so wise and hopeful a Child, as his Son *Roger Bacon* was, (for so he was named) and wisht him withal to do his Duty, and so to bring up his Child, that he might shew his Thankfulness to God, which could not better be done than in making him a Scholar ; for he found by his sudden taking of his Learning, that he was a Child likely to prove a very great Clerk. Hereat old *Bacon* was not well pleased ;

pleased ; (for he designed to bring him up to Plough and Cart, as he himself was brought ;) yet he, for Reverence Sake, to the Priest, shewed not his Anger, but kindly thanked him for his Pains and Counsel, yet desiring him not to speak any more concerning that Matter : For he knew best what pleased him, and that he would do ; so break they off their Talk and parted.

So soon as the old Man came Home, he called to his Son for his Books, which when he had, he locked them up, and gave the Boy a Cart-whip in the Place of them, saying to him, Boy, *I will have you no Priest, you shall not be better learned than I: You can tell by the Almanack when it is best sowing Wheat, when Barley, Peas and Beans, and when the best Libbing is; when to sell Grain and Cattle I will teach thee, for I have all Fairs and Markets as perfect in my Memory, as Sir John our Priest has Mass without Book: Take*

me this Whip, I'll teach thee the Use of it, it will be more profitable to thee than this harsh Latin. Make no reply but follow my Counsel, or else by the Mass thou shalt feel the smart Hand of my Anger. Young Bacon thought this but hard Dealing, yet would he not reply, but within six or eight Days he gave his Father the slip, and went to a Cloyster some twenty Miles off, where he was entertained, and so continued his Learning, and in a small Time came to be so famous, that he was sent for to the University of Oxford, where he long Time studied and grew so excellent in the Secrets of Art and Nature, that not England only, but all Ch. stendom admired him.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

*How the King sent for Fryar Bacon,
and of the wonderful Things that he
shewed the King and Queen.*

TH E King being in *Oxfordshire*
at a Nobleman's House, was
very desirous to see this famous Fryar,
for he had heard many times of the
wondrous things that he had done in
his Art: Therefore he sent one for him
to desire him to come to Court. Fryar
Bacon kindly thanked the King by the
Messenger, and said, that he was at
the King's Service, and would suddenly
attend him: But, Sir, saith he, (to the
Gentleman) I pray you make haste, or
else I shall be two Hours before you at
the Court. For all your Learning
(answered the Gentleman) I can hardly
believe this; for Scholars, old Men and
Travellers may lye by Authority. To
strengthen your Belief (said Fryar *Bacon*)

I could presently shew you the last Wench you lay withal, but I will not at this Time. One is as true as the other, (said the Gentleman) and I would laugh to see either. You shall see them both within these four Hours, (quoth the Fryar) and therefore make what haste you can. I will prevent that by my Speed, (said the Gentleman) and with that rode his way; but he rode out of his Way, as it should seem; for he had but five Miles to ride, and yet he was better than three Hours in riding them; so that Fryar *Bacon* with his Art was the King before he came.

The King kindly welcomed him, and said that he long time had desired to see him, for he had as yet not heard of his Life. Fryar *Bacon* answered him, that Fame had belyed him, and given him that Report that his poor Studies had never deserved, for he believed that Art had many Sons more excellent than himself was. The King commended

mended him for his Modesty, and told him, that nothing did become a wise Man less than boasting: But yet withal he requested him now to be no Niggard of his Knowledge, but to shew his Queen and him some of his Skill. I were worthy of neither Art nor Knowledge (says Fryar Bacon) should I deny your Majesty this Request: I pray seat yourselves, and you shall see presently what my poor Skill can perform: The King, Queen and Nobles sate them all down. They having so done, the Fryar waved his Wand, and presently was heard such excellent Musick, that they were all amazed, for they all said, they had never heard the like. This is, said the Fryar, to delight the Sense of Hearing. I will delight all your other Senses, e'er you depart hence; so waving his Wand again, there was louder Musick heard, and presently five Dancers entred, the first like a Court-Laundress, the second like a Footman, the third like a Usurer, the fourth like a Prodigal,

Prodigal; the fifth like a Fool: These did diverse excellent Changes, so that they gave Content to all the Beholders, and having done their Dance, they all vanished away in their Order as they came in. Thus feasted he two of their Senses. Then waved he his Wand again, and there was another Kind of Music heard, and whilst it was a playing, there was suddenly before them a Table richly covered with all Sorts of Delicates. Then desired he the King and Queen to taste of some certain rare Fruits that were on the Table, which they and the Nobles there presently did, and were very highly pleased with the Taste; they being satisfied, all vanished away on a sudden. Then waved he his Wand again, and suddenly there was such a Smell, as if all the rich Perfumes in the whole World had been there prepared in the best Manner that Art could set them out; while he feasted thus their Smelling, he waved his Wand again, and there came

came diverse Nations in sundry Habits, (as *Russians, Polanders, Indians and Armenians*) all bringing sundry Kinds of Furrs, such as their Countries yielded; all which they presented to the King and Queen; these Furrs were so soft in the Touch, that they highly pleased all those that handled them; then after some odd fantastick Dance (after their Country Manner) they vanished away. Then asked Fryar Bacon the King's Majesty, if he desired any more of his Skill? The King answered, that he was fully satisfied for that Time, and that he only now thought of something that he might bestow on him, that might partly satisfy the Kindness he had received. Fryar Bacon said, that he desired nothing so much as his Majesty's Love, and if that he might assure himself of that, he would think himself happy in it; for that (said the King) be thou ever sure of, in Token of which receive this Jewel, and withal gave him

a costly Jewel from his Neck. The Fryar did with great Reverence thank his Majesty, and said, *As your Majesty's Vassal, you shall ever find me ready to do you Service, your Time of need shall find it very beneficial and delightful. But among all these Gentlemen, I see not the Man that your Grace sent for me by, sure he hath lost his Way, or else met with some Sport that detains him so long. I promised to be here before him, and all this noble Assembly can witness I am as good as my Word: I hear him coming.* With that entered the Gentleman all be-dirted, (for he had rid through Ditches, Quagmires, Plashes and Waters, and was in a most pitiful Case;) he seeing the Fryar there, looked full angerly, and bid a Pox on all his Devils, for they had led him out of his Way, and almost drowned him. *Be not angry, Sir, said Fryar Bacon, here is an old Friend of yours that hath more Cause, for she hath tarried these three Hours for you;* with

with that he pulled up the Hangings, and behind them stood a Kitchen Maid with a Basting-Ladle in her Hand, *Now am I as good as my Word with you, for I promised to help you to your Sweet-heart, how do you like this?* So ill, answered the Gentleman, *that I will be revenged of you.* *Threaten not,* said Fryar Bacon, *lest I do thee more Shame, and do you take Heed how you give Scholars the Lye again; but because I know not how well you are stored with Money at this Time, I will bear your Wench's Charges home;* with that she vanished away: The King, Queen, and all the Company laughed to see with what Shame this Gentleman endured the Sight of his greasy Sweet-heart; but the Gentleman went away discontented. This done Fryar Bacon took his Leave of the King and Queen, and received from them diverse Gifts as well as Thanks, for his Art he shewed them.

C H A P. III.

*How Fryar Bacon deceived his Man,
that would fast for Conscience Sake.*

Fryar *Bacon* had only one Man to attend him, and he too was none of the wisest, for he kept him in Charity, more than for any Service he had of him. This Man of his, named *Miles*, never could endure to fast as other Religious Persons did; for he always had, in one Corner or other, Flesh, which he would eat when his Master eat Bread only; or else did fast and abstain from all Things. Fryar *Bacon* seeing this, thought at one Time or other to be even with him, which he did one *Friday* in this manner: *Miles* on the *Thursday* Night had provided a great Black-Pudding for his *Friday's* Fast: That Pudding put he in his Pocket (thinking belike to heat it so, for his Master had no Fire in those Days) on the next Day,

Day, who was so demure as *Miles*, he looked as though he would not have eat any thing ; when his Master offered him some Bread, he refused it, saying, his Sins deserved a greater Penance than one Day's Fast in a whole Week ; his Master commended him for it, and bid him take heed he did not dissemble, for if he did it would at last be known ? Then were I worse than a *Turk*, said *Miles* ; so went he forth, as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to prey privily upon his Black-Pudding ; that pulled he out, for it was half roasted with the Heat of his Bum, and fell to it lustily ; but he was deceived, for having put one end in his Mouth, he could neither get it out again, nor bite it off, so that he stamped for Help ; his Master hearing him, came, and finding him in that Manner, took hold of the other End of the Pudding, and led him to the Hall, and shewed him to all the Scholars,

lars, saying, See here, my good Friends and Fellow-Students, what a devout Man my Servant *Miles* is, he loved not to break a Fast-Day, witness this Pudding that his Conscience will not let him swallow : I will have him to be an Example for you all : then tied he him to a Window by the End of the Pudding, where poor *Miles* stood like a Bear tied by the Nose to a Stake, and endured many Flouts and Mocks; at Night his Master released him from his Penance ; *Miles* was glad of it, and did vow never to break more Fast-Days whilst he lived.

C H A P. IV.

How Fryar Bacon saved a Gentleman that had given himself to the Devil.

IN *Oxfordshire* there lived a Gentleman, that had through his riotous Expences wasted a fair Inheritance that was left him by his Father : After which

which he grew so poor, that he had not wherewith to maintain his miserable Life; the Memory of his former State that he had lived in, and the present Want that he now sustained, made him to grow desperate and regardless both of Soul and Body's State; which gave the Devil occasion to work upon his Weakness in this manner following.

On a Time he being all alone full of Grief and Care, (Grief for his Follies past, and Care how to get a good living for the Remainder of his Days) the Devil came unto him, and asked him what he wanted (he came not in a Shape terrible, but like an old Penny-father.) This Gentleman was amazed at his sudden Presence, but hearing him demand of his Wants, he took to him Courage, and said, *I want all things, I want Money to buy me Apparel, Money to buy me Meat, Money to redeem my Land, and Money to pay my Debts: Can or will you help me in this Misery?*

I will, answered the Devil, on some Conditions, help you to Money to supply all these Wants, and that suddenly. On any Condition (said the Gentleman) help me, and I swear to perform them. I take no Oaths (answered the Devil) I must have Bonds! if you will do so, meet me by the Wood Side To-morrow Morning, and there I will have the Money ready. I will, said the Gentleman (for he poor Man was glad of it on any Conditions, as he said before.) The next Day he went to the Wood, where the Devil had promised him to meet him; long he had not been there, but he beheld the Devil coming, and after him two other like Serving-men, with Bags of Money; this rejoyced the poor Gentleman's Heart to think that he should once again live like a Man. The Devil coming to him, said, Son, I will perform my Promise unto you, if you will Seal to the Conditions that I have here already drawn. Willing, said the Gentleman,

Gentleman, *I will, pray read them.*
 The Devil read them to this effect;
 That he lent him so much Money as
 he should have need of, to be em-
 ployed to these Uses following: First
 to redeem his mortgaged Land; next
 to pay his Debts; lastly to buy him
 such Necessaries as he wanted; to be
 lent on this Condition, That so soon as
 he had paid all his Debts, he should
 be at the Lender's disposing, and
 without any Delay freely to yield him-
 self to him, upon the first Demand of
 the aforesaid Lender. To this the
 Gentleman sealed, and had the Mo-
 ney carried to his Chamber, with
 which Money he in a short Time re-
 deemed his Land, and bought such
 Things as he needed, and likewise paid
 his Debts; so that there was not any
 Man could ask him for one Penny.

Thus lived this Gentleman once
 again in Credit, and grew so great a
 Husband that he increased his Estate,
 and was richer than ever his Father be-
 fore

fore him was. But long did not this Joy of his continue; for one Day he being in his Study, the Devil appeared unto him, and did tell him, that now his Land was redeemed, and his Debts paid, and therefore his Time was come that he must yield himself to his Mercy, as he was bound by Bond. This troubled the Gentleman to hear, but more to think how he must become a Slave to a Stranger that he did not know, (for he knew not as yet that he was the Devil;) but being urged to answer for himself, by the Devil, he said, He had not as yet paid all his Debts, and therefore as yet he was not liable to the Bond's strait Conditions. At this the Devil seemed angry, and with a fearful Noise transformed himself to an ugly Shape, saying, *Alas, poor Wretch, these are poor Excuses that thou framest, I know them all to be false, and so will prove them to thy Face To-morrow Morning, till then I leave thee to Despair.* So with a great Noise he
went.

went his Way, leaving the Gentleman half dead with Fear.

When he was gone, the Gentleman reviving, bethought himself what a miserable Estate he was now in ; then wished that he had lived and died poorly ; then cursed he all his ambitious Thoughts that led him first to desire again that Wealth which he had so vainly by his Riot lost ; then would he curse his prodigal Expences, that were the Original of all his Misery : Thus was he tormented a long Time in his Mind, at last he fully resolved to end his wretched Life by some violent Death ; and to that End he went forth, thinking to kill himself, which he had done, had it not been for the Fryar ; for as he was falling upon his Sword, Fryar *Bacon* came by, and called to him to hold, which he did. Fryar *Bacon* demanded of him the Cause why he was so desperate, that he would run headlong to Hell ? O Sir, said he, the Cause is great, and the Relation is so terrible to
me,

me, that I would intreat you not to trouble me any more, but to leave me to my own Will: This Answer fill'd the Fryar with Amazement and Pity both at once, which made him to urge him in this manner: Sir, should I leave you to this wilful Damnation, I were unfit ever hereafter to wear or touch any Robe that belongeth to the Holy Order, whereof I am a Brother: You know (doubtless) that there is Power given to the Church to absolve penitent Sinners, let not your Wilfulness take away from you that Benefit that you may receive by it; freely confess your self (I pray you) to me, and doubt not but I shall give your troubled Conscience Ease. Father, (said the Gentleman) I know all that you have spoken is Truth, and I have many times received Comfort from the Mother-Church, I dare not say ours, for I fear she will never receive me for a Child, I have no Part in her Benediction; yet since you request so earnestly the Cause, I will tell

tell you, hear it and tremble. Know then, that I have given my self to the Devil for a little Wealth, and he to-morrow in this Wood must have me; now have you my Grief, but I know not how to get Comfort.

This is strange (quoth Fryar *Bacon*) yet be of good Comfort, penitential Tears may do much, which see you do not spare; soon I will visit you at your House, and give you that Comfort, I hope, that will beget you again to Goodness. The Gentleman at these Words was somewhat comforted, and returned home. At Night Fryar *Bacon* came to him, and found him full of Tears for his heinous Offences; for these Tears he gave him hope of Pardon, demanding further, what Conditions he had made with the Devil. The Gentleman told him, that he had promised himself to him, as soon as he had paid all his Debts, which now he had done, for he owed not one Penny to any Man living. Well, *said Fryar Bacon,*

Bacon, continue thy Sorrow for thy Sins, and to-morrow meet me without Fear, and be thou content to stand to the next Man's Judgment that shall come that Way, whether thou belong to the Devil or no: Fear not, do so, and be thou assured that I will be he that shall come by, and will give such Judgment on thy Side, that thou shalt be free from him; with that Fryar Bacon went home, and the Gentleman went to his Prayers.

In the Morning the Gentleman, *after he had blessed himself*, went to the Wood, where he found the Devil ready for him. So soon as he came near, the Devil said, now Deceiver are you come? Now shalt thou see that I can and will prove, that thou hast paid all thy Debts, and therefore thy Soul belongeth to me. Thou art a Deceiver, *said the Gentleman*, and gavest me Money to cheat me of my Soul, for else why wilt thou be thy own Judge? Let me have some other to judge between

tween us : Content, *said the Devil*, take whom thou wilt : Then I will have, *said the Gentleman*, the next Man that cometh this Way ; to which the Devil agreed. No sooner were these Word ended, but Fryar Bacon came by, to whom the Gentleman spake, and requested, that he would be Judge in a weighty Matter between them two ; the Fryar said he was content ; so both Parties were agreed. The Devil told Fryar Bacon how the Case stood between them, in this Manner :

Know, Fryar, that I seeing this Prodigal like to starve for want of Food, lent him Money not only to buy him Victuals, but also to redeem his Lands and pay his Debts, conditionally, that so soon as his Debts were paid, he should give himself freely to me ; this is his Bond, (*shewing him the Bond*) now my Time is expired, for all his Debts are paid, which he cannot deny. This Case is plain, his Silence confirms it, *said the Devil*, therefore give him a

B

just

just Sentence. I will, *said Fryar Bacon*, but first tell me, (*speaking to the Gentleman*) didst thou never yet give the Devil any of his Money back? nor requite him any ways? Never had he any Thing of me as yet, (*said the Gentleman.*) Then never let him have any Thing of thee, and thou art free? Deceiver of Mankind, *said he, speaking to the Devil*, it was thy Bargain not to meddle with him so long as he was indebted to any; now how canst thou demand of him any thing, when he is indebted for all that he hath to thee? When he pays thee thy Money, then take him as thy due, till then thou hast nothing to do with him, and so I charge thee to be gone. At this the Devil vanished with great Horror; but Fryar Bacon comforted the Gentleman, and sent him Home with a quiet Conscience; bidding him never pay the Devil his Money back, as he tender'd his own Safety; which he promised to observe.

C H A P.

C H A P. V.

*How Fryar Bacon made a Brazen Head
to speak, by which he would have
walled England about with Brasse.*

FRYAR BACON, reading one
Day of the many Conquests of
England, bethought himself how he
might keep it hereafter from the like
Conquests, and so make himself fa-
mous hereafter to all Posterities. This,
after great Study, he found could be
no Way so well done as one; which
was to make a Head of Brasse, and if
he could make this Head speak, and
hear when it speaks, then might he
be able to wall *England* about with
Brasse. To this Purpose he got one
Fryar *Bungey* to assist him, who was
a great Scholar and a Magician, but
not to compare to Fryar *Bacon*:
These two, with great Study and
Pains, so framed a Head of Brasse, that

in the inward Parts thereof, there were all Things as in a natural Man's Head : This being done, they were as far from Perfection of the Work, as they were before, for they knew not how to give these Parts that they had made, Motion, without which it was impossible it should speak ; many Books they read, but yet could not find any Hope of what they sought ; that at last they concluded to raise a Spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attain to by their own Studies : To do this, they prepared all things ready, and went one Evening to a Wood hard-by, and after many Ceremonies used, they spake the Words of Conjur-ation, which the Devil strait obeyed, and appeared ; asking them, What they would have ? Know, said Fryar *Bacon*, that we have made an artificial Head of Brass, which we would have to speak ; to the furtherance of which we have raised thee, and being raised, we will here keep thee, unless thou tell us the Way

Way how to make this Head speak. The Devil told him, that he had not that Power of himself. Beginner of Lyes, said Fryar Bacon, I know thou dost dissemble, and therefore tell it us quickly, or else we will here bind thee to remain during our Pleasures. At these Threats the Devil consented to do it, and told them, that with a continual Fume of the hottest Simples, it should have Motion, and, in one Month's Space, speak; the Time of the Month or Day, he knew not: Also he told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their Labour would be lost. They being satisfied, licensed the Spirit to depart.

Then went these two learned Fryars home again, and prepared the Simples ready, and made the Fume, and with continual watching, attended when the *Brazen Head* would speak: Thus watched they for three Weeks, without any Rest, till they were so weary

and sleepy, that they could not any longer refrain from Rest. Then Fryar *Bacon* called to his Man *Miles*, and told him, that it was unknown to him what Pains Fryar *Bungey* and himself had taken for three Weeks Space, only to hear the *Brazen Head* speak, which if they did not, then had they lost all their Labour, and all *England* had a great Loss thereby; therefore he intreated *Miles* that he would watch while they slept, and call them if the Head spake. Fear not, good Master, said *Miles*, I will not sleep, but hearken and attend upon the Head, and if it chance to speak, I will call you; therefore I pray you both to take your Rests, and let me alone for watching this Head. After Fryar *Bacon* had given him a great Charge the second Time, Fryar *Bungey* and he went to sleep, and left *Miles* alone to watch the *Brazen Head*. *Miles*, to keep him from sleeping, got a Tabor and Pipe,

Pipe, and being merrily disposed, sung
this Song to the *Northen* Tune of,

(Cam'st thou not from Newcastle.)

To couple is a Custom,

all things thereto agree :

Why should not I then love ?

since Love to all is free.

But I'll have one that's pretty,

her Cheeks of scarlet Dye,

For to breed my Delight,

when that I lig her by.

Tho' Virtue be a Dowry,

yet I chuse Money store :

If my Love prove untrue,

with that I can get more.

The Fair is oft inconstant,

the Black is often proud ;

I'll chuse a lovely Brown,

come Fidler scrape the Crowd.

Come Fidler scrape the Crowd,

for *Peggy* the Brown is she,

Must be my Bride, God guide

that *Peggy* and I agree.

With his own Musick, and such Songs as these, he spent his Time, and kept himself from sleeping; at last, after some Noise, the Head spake these Words, **T I M E I S**, *Miles* hearing it speak no more, thought his Master would be angry if he waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleep, and began to mock the Head in this Manner. Thou brazen fac'd Head, has my Master took all this Pains about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two Words? *Time is!* Had he watcht with a Lawyer so long as he has watcht with thee, he would have given him more and better Words, than thou hast yet; if thou canst speak no wiser, they shall sleep till Doomsday for me: *Time is!* I know *Time is*; and that you shall hear, Good-man Brazen-Face.

To

To the Tune of, *Dainty come thou to me.*

Time is for some to plant,
Time is for some to sow;
Time is for some to graft
 The Horn, as some do know..

Time is for some to eat,
Time is for some to sleep,
Time is for some to laugh,
Time is for some to weep.

Time is for some to sing,
Time is for some to pray,
Time is for some to creep,
 That have drunk all the Day.

Time is to cart a Bawd,
Time is to whip a Whore;
Time is to hang a Thief,
 And *Time is* for much more..

Do you tell us, *Copper-Nose*, when
Time is? I hope we Scholars know
 our *Times*? when to drink; when to
 kiss our Hostess; when to go on her

Score, and when to pay it ; that Time comes but seldom. After half an Hour had passed, the Head spake again two Words ; which were these, TIME WAS. *Miles* respected these Words as little as he did the former, and would not awake them ; but still scoffed at the *Brazen Head*, that it learned no better Words, and had such a Tutor as his Master ; and in Scorn of it sang this Song.

To the Tune of, *A rich Merchant-Man.*

Time was when thou a Kettle were,
and fill'd with better Matter ;
But *Fryar Bacon* did thee spoil,
when he thy Sides did batter.

Time was when Conscience dwelt
with Men of Occupation :

Time was when Lawyers did not thrive
so well by Men's Vexation.

Time

Time was when Kings and Beggars
of one poor Stuff had Being :
Time was when Office kept no Knaves,
That *Time* it was worth seeing.

Time was a Bowl of Water
did give the Face Reflection.
Time was when Women knew no Paint,
which now they call Complexion.

Time was ; I know that Brazen-
Face, without your telling, I know
that *Time was*, and I know what
Things there were when *Time was* ;
and if you speak no wiser, no Master
shall be awaked of me. Thus *Miles*
talked and sang till another half Hour
was gone ; then this Brazen-Head
spake again these Words, T I M E
I S P A S T, and then fell down ;
and presently followed a terrible Noise,
with strange Flashes of Fire, so that
Miles was half dead with Fear : At this
Noise the two Fryars awaked, and
B 6 wondered

wondered to see the whole Room so full of Smoke, but that being vanish'd, they might perceive the Brazen-Head broke and lying on the Ground ; at this Sight they grieved, and called *Miles* to know how this came ? *Miles* half dead with Fear, said, that it fell down of itself, and that with the Noise and Fire that followed, he was almost frightened out of his Wits. Fryar *Bacon* asked him if he did not hear it speak ? Yes (quoth *Miles*) it spake, but to no Purpose. I will have a Parrot speak better in that Time you have been teaching this Brazen-Head. Out on thee, Villain, said Fryar *Bacon*, thou hast undone us both, hadst thou but called us when it did speak, all *England* had been walled about with Brasse, to its Glory, and our eternal Fames : What were the Words it spake ? Very few, said *Miles*, and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither ; first he said *Time is*. Hadst thou called us then, said Fryar *Bacon*,

Bacon, we had been made for ever :
Then, said *Miles*, half an Hour, after,
it spake again, and said, *Time was*,
And wouldst thou not call us then,
said *Bungey* ! Alas, said *Miles*, I
thought it would have told me some
long Tale, and then I purposed to
have called you. Then half an Hour
after, he cried, *Time is past*, and made
such a Noise that he hath waked you
himself methinks. At this Fryar *Ba-*
con was in such a Rage, that he would
have beaten his Man, but he was re-
strained by *Bungey* ; but nevertheless
for his Punishment, he with his Art
struck him dumb for one Month's
Space. Thus was this great Work of
these learned Fryars overthrown (to
their great Grievs) by this simple Fel-
low.

C H A P. VI.

How Fryar Bacon by his Art took a Town, when the King had lain before it three Months, without doing it any hurt.

IN those Times when Fryar Bacon did all his strange Tricks, the King of *England* had a great Part of *France*, which they held a long Time, till Civil Wars at Home in this Land, made them to lose it : It did chance that the King of *England* (for some Cause best known to himself) went into *France* with a great Army, where after many Victories he did besiege a strong Town, and lay before it full three Months, without doing any great Damage to the Town, but rather received the Hurt himself. This did so vex the King, that he sought to take it in any way, either by Policy or Strength : To this Intent, he made Proclamation, that
whosoever,

whosoever would deliver this Town into his Hand, he should have for his Pains ten thousand Crowns truly paid. This was proclaimed, but there was none found that would undertake it; at length the News come into *England*, of this great Reward that was promised: Fryar *Bacon* hearing of it, went into *France*, and being admitted to the King's Presence, he thus spake unto him. Your Majesty, I am sure, hath not quite forgot your poor Subject *Bacon*, the Love you shewed to me being last in your Presence, hath drawn me to leave my Country, and my Studies, to do your Majesty Service: I beseech your Grace to command me so far as my poor Art or Life may do you Pleasure. The King thanked him for his Love, but told him that he had now more need of Arms than Art, and wanted brave Soldiers more than learned Scholars. Fryar *Bacon* answered, Your Grace saith well: But let me (under Correction) tell you, that

that Art oftentimes doth those Things that are impossible to Arms, which I will make good in some few Examples. I will speak only of Things performed by Art and Nature, wherein shall be nothing Magical; and first by the Figuration of Art, there may be made Instruments of Navigation, without Men to row in them, as great Ships to brook the Sea, only with one Man to steer them, and they shall sail more swiftly than if they were full of Men; also Chariots shall move with an unspeakable Force without any living Creature to stir them. Likewise an Instrument may be made to fly withal, if one sit in the Midst of the Instrument, and do turn an Engine, by which the Wings, being artificially composed, may beat Air after the Manner of a flying Bird. By an Instrument of three Fingers high, and three Fingers broad, a Man may rid himself and others from all Imprisonment; yea, such an Instrument may easily

easily be made, whereby a Man may violently draw unto him a thousand Men, will they, nil they, or any other Thing.

By Art also, an Instrument may be made, whereby Men may walk in the Bottom of the Sea or Rivers without bodily Danger; this *Alexander* the Great used (as the *Ethnick* Philosopher reporteth) to the End he might behold the Secret of the Seas.

But Physical Figurations are far more strange; for by these may be framed Perspects and Looking-Glasses, that one Thing shall appear to be many, as one Man shall appear to be a whole Army, and one Sun or Moon shall seem diverse.

Also Perspects may be so framed, that Things afar off shall seem most nigh unto us? With one of these did *Julius Cæsar* from the Sea-coasts of *France*, mark and observe the Situation of the Castles of *England*.

Bodies may also be framed, that the greatest Things shall appear to be the least, the highest, lowest; the most

secret

secret to be the most manifest ; and in such like Sort, the contrary. Thus did *Socrates* perceive, that the Dragon which did destroy the City and Country adjoining with his noisome Breath, and contagious Influence, did lurk in the Dens between the Mountains; and thus may all Things that are done in Cities or Armies, be seen by the Enemies.

Again, in such wise many Bodies be found ; that venomous and infectious Influence may be brought whither he will : In this did *Aristotle* instruct *Alexander*, through which Instruction the Poison of a Basilisk, being left upon the Wall of a City, the Poison was conveyed into the City, to the Destruction thereof. Also Perspectives may be made to deceive the Sight ; as to make a Man believe that he sees great Store of Riches, when there is not any. But it appertains to a higher Power of Figuration, that Beams should be brought and assembled by diverse Flexions and Reflexions
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in any Distance that we will, to burn any thing that is opposite unto it, as it is witnessed by those Perspects or Glasses, that burn before and behind; but the greatest and chiefest of all Figurations, and Things figured, is to describe the Heavenly Bodies, according to their Length and Breadth, in a corporal Figure, wherein they may corporally move with a daily Motion. These Things are worth a Kingdom to a wise Man. These may suffice, my Royal Lords, to shew what Art can do? And these, with many Things more, as strange, I am able by Art to perform: Then take no Thought for winning this Town, for by my Art you shall (ere many Days be past) have your Desire.

The King all this while heard him with Admiration; but hearing him now, that he would undertake to win the Town, he burst out into these Speeches: Most learned *Bacon*, do but what thou hast said, and I will give thee what thou
most

most desireth, either Wealth or Honour, chuse which thou wilt ; and I will be as ready to perform, as I have been to promise.

Your Majesty's Love is all that I seek, said the Fryar, let me have that, I have Honour enough ; for Wealth, I have content, the Wise should seek no more. But to the Purpose. Let your Pioneers raise up a Mount so high (or rather higher) than the Wall, and then shall you see some probability of that which I have promised.

This Mount in two Days was raised ; then Fryar *Bacon* went with the King to the Top of it, and did with a Prospect shew to him the Town, as plainly as if he had been in it : At this the King did wonder, but Fryar *Bacon* told him that he would wonder more 'ere next Day Noon ; against which Time he desired him to have his whole Army in readiness to scale the Wall, upon a Signal given by him from the Mount. This the King promised to do,

do, and returned to his Tent full of Joy, that he should gain this strong Town. In the Morning Fryar *Bacon* went up the Mount, and set his Glasses and other Instruments up: In the mean Time the King ordered his Army, and stood in a Readiness to give the Assault: When the Signal was given, which was the waving of a Flag, 'ere nine of the Clock, Fryar *Bacon* had burnt the State House in the Town, with other Houses, only by the Mathematical Glasses, which made the whole Town in an Uproar, for none did know how it came; whilst they were quenching the same, Fryar *Bacon* did wave his Flag. upon which Signal given, the King set upon the Town, and took it with little or no Resistance. Thus through the Art of this learned Man, the King got this strong Town, which he could not do with all his Men without Fryar *Bacon's* Help.

C H A P. VII.

*How Fryar Bacon overcame the German
Conjurer Vandermaft, and made a
Spirit of his own to carry him into
Germany.*

THE King of *England* after he had taken the Town, shewed great Mercy to the Inhabitants, giving some of them their Lives freely, and others he set at liberty for their Gold: The Town he kept as his own, and swore the chief Citizens to be his true Subjects. Presently after the King of *France* sent an Ambassador to the King of *England*, for to treat of a Peace between them. This Ambassador being come to the King, he feasted him (as it is the manner of Princes to do) and with the best Sports as he had then, welcomed him. The Ambassador seeing the King of *England* so free in his Love, desired likewise to give him

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a taste of his good Liking, and to that intent sent for one of his Followers (being a *German*, and named *Vandermaſt*) a famous Conjuror, who being come, he told the King, that ſince his Grace had been ſo bountiful in his Love to him, he would ſhew him (by a Servant of his) ſuch wonderful things as his Grace had never ſeen the like before. The King demanded of him, of what Nature thoſe things were that he would do: The Ambaſſador answered, that they were Things done by the Art of Magick; the King hearing of this, ſent for Fryar *Bacon*, who preſently came, and brought Fryar *Bungey* with him.

When the Banquet was done, *Vandermaſt* did aſk the King, if he deſired to ſee the Spirit of any Man deceaſed; and if he did, he would raiſe him in ſuch Manner and Faſhion as he was in when he lived; the King told him, that above all Men he deſired to ſee *Pompey* the Great, who could abide no equal.

equal. *Vandermaſt* by his Art raiſed him, armed in ſuch Manner as when he was ſlain at the Battle of *Pharſalia*: At this they were all highly contented. Fryar *Bacon* preſently raiſed the Ghoſt of *Julius Cæſar*, who would abide no Superior, and had ſlain this *Pompey* at the Battle of *Pharſalia*. At the Sight of him they were all amazed but the King, who ſent for *Bacon*; and *Vandermaſt* ſaid, there was ſome Man of Art in that Preſence, whom he deſired to ſee. Fryar *Bacon* then ſhewed himſelf, ſaying, *It was I, Vandermaſt, that raiſed Cæſar, partly to give Content to the royal Preſence, but chiefly to conquer thy Pompey, as he did once before at the great Battle of Pharſalia, which he now again ſhall do.* Then preſently began a Fight between *Cæſar* and *Pompey*, which continued a great Space, to the content of all, except *Vandermaſt*. At laſt *Pompey* was overcome and ſlain by *Cæſar*; then they vaniſhed both away.

My

My Lord Ambassador, said the King, methinks that my Englishman hath put down your German; hath he no better Cunning than this? Yes, answered Vandermaſt, your Grace ſhall ſee me put down your Englishman ere you go hence; and therefore Fryar prepare thy ſelf with the beſt of Art to withſtand me. Alas, ſaid Fryar Bacon, it is a little Thing will ſerve to reſiſt thee in this kind. I have here one that is my Inferior (ſhewing him Fryar Bungey) try thy Art with him; and if thou do put him to the worſt, then will I deal with thee, and not till then.

Fryar Bungey then begant o ſhew his Art, and after ſome turning and looking on his Book, he brought up among them the *Hesperian* Tree, which did bear golden Apples: Theſe Apples were kept by a waking Dragon that lay under the Tree. He having done this, bid Vandermaſt find out one that durſt gather the Fruit. Then Vandermaſt did raiſe up the Ghost of *Hercules* in his

Habit that he wore when living, and with his Club on his Shoulder : Here is one, said *Vandermast*, that shall gather Fruit from this Tree : This is *Hercules*, that in his Life-time gathered of this Fruit, and made the Dragon couch ; and now again shall he gather in spite of all Opposition. As *Hercules* was going to pluck the Fruit, Fryar *Bacon* held up his Wand, at which *Hercules* staid and seemed fearful. *Vandermast* bid him for to gather of the Fruit, or else he would torment him. *Hercules* was more fearful, and said, I cannot, nor dare not ; for great *Bacon* stands, whose Charms are far more powerful than thine, I must obey him *Vandermast*. Hereat *Vandermast* curst *Hercules*, and threatened him : But Fryar *Bacon* laughed and bid him not chafe himself 'ere his Journey was ended ; for seeing, saith he, that *Hercules* will do nothing at your Command, I will have him do something at mine ; with that he bid
Hercules

Hercules carry him home into *Germany*. The Devil obeyed him, and took *Vandermaſt* on his Back, and went away with him in all their Sights. Hold, Fryar, cried the Ambaſſador, I will not loſe *Vandermaſt* for half my Land. Content your ſelf, my Lord, answered Fryar *Bacon*, I have but ſent him home to ſee his Wife, and 'ere long he may return. The King of *England* thanked Fryar *Bacon*, and forced ſome Gifts on him for his Service that he had done for him; for Fryar *Bacon* did ſo little reſpect Money, that he never would take any Thing of the King.

C H A P. VIII.

How Fryar Bacon through his Wiſdom ſaved the endangered Lives of three Brethren.

TH E Peace being concluded between the King of *England*

and the King of *France*, the King of *England* came again into his Country of *England*, where he was received joyfully of all his Subjects: But in his Absence happened a Discord between three Brethren, the like had not been heard. Thus it was: A rich Gentleman of *England* died, and left behind him three Sons: Now for some Reason (which was best known to himself) he appointed none of them by Name to be his Heir, but spake to them after this Manner: *You are all my Sons, and I love you all as a Father should do, all alike, not one better than the other, and because I would always do rightly so near as I can, I leave my Lands and Goods to him that loves me best.* These were the last Words he spake, concerning any worldly Affairs.

After he was dead and buried, there arose a great Controversy between them, who should inherit their Father's Goods and Lands, every one pleading for himself, how that he loved his Father best.

All

All the cunning Lawyers of the Kingdom could say nothing to the Purpose concerning this Case, so that they were enforced to beg of the King a Grant for a Combat, for they would not share the Lands and Goods amongst them, but every one desired all, or else nothing. The King seeing no other Way to end this Controversy, granted a Combat, the two elder being to fight first, and the Conqueror to fight with the younger, and the Survivor of them to have the Land.

The Day being come that was set for those Combatants, they all came in armed for the Fight. Fryar Bacon being there present, and seeing three such lusty young Men there like to perish, and that by their own Flesh and Blood, grieved very much, and went to the King, desiring his Majesty that he would stay the Fight, and he would find a Means without any Bloodshed to end the Matter: The King was very glad hereof, and caused the Combatants.

tants to be brought before him: To whom he said, *Gentlemen, to save the Blood of you all, I have found a Way, and yet the Controversy shall be ended that is now amongst you. Are you contented to stand to his Judgment that I shall appoint?* They all answered, They were. Then they were bid to return three Days after. In that Time Fryar Bacon had caused the Body of their deceased Father to be taken out of the Ground, and brought to the Court: The Body he did cause to be bound to a Stake, naked from the middle upwards, and likewise prepared three Bows and Shafts for the three Brethren; all these kept he secretly.

The third Day being come, these three Brethren came, to whom Fryar Bacon, in the Presence of the King, gave the three Bows and Shafts, saying, *Be not offended at what I have done, there is no other way but this to judge your Cause. See here is the Body of your dead Father, shoot at him, for he that cometh*

cometh nearest his Heart, shall have all the Lands and Goods.

The two elder prepared themselves, and shot at him, and struck their Arrows in his Breast. Then bid they the youngest to shoot, but he refused it, saying, *I will rather lose all, than wound that Body I so loved when living. Had you ever had but half that Love in you to him, that I have, you would rather have had your own Bodies mangled, than to suffer his lifeless Corps thus to be used; nay, you do not only suffer it, but you are the Actors of this Act of Shame; and speaking this he wept.*

Fryar Bacon seeing this, did give the Judgment on his Side, for he loved his Father best, and therefore had all his Lands and Goods: The other two Brothers went away with Shame for what they had done. This Deed of Fryar Bacon was highly commended of all Men: for he did not only give true Judgment, but also saved much

Blood that would have been shed,
had they been suffered to fight.

CH A P. IX.

*How Fryar Bacon served the Thieves
that robbed him; and of the Sport
that his Man Miles had with them.*

IT was reported about the Country,
that the King had given Fryar *Bacon*
great Store of Treasure : The Re-
port of this Wealth made three Thieves
plot to rob his House ; which they put
in Practice one Evening in this Man-
ner : They knock'd at the Door, and
were let in by *Miles* : No sooner were
they in, but they took hold of him,
and led him into the House, and find-
ing Fryar *Bacon* there, they told him,
that they came for some Money, which
they must and would have 'ere they
went away. He told them, He
was but ill-stored with Money at that
Time ; they answered him, that they
knew

knew he had enough, and therefore it was but Folly to delay them, but immediately let them have it by fair Means, or else they would use that Extremity with him that he would be loth to suffer. He seeing them so resolute, told them, that he should have all he had, and gave them an Hundred Pounds a Man. Herewith they seemed content, and would have gone their Way. *Nay, said Fryar Bacon, I pray Gentlemen, at my Request tarry awhile, and hear some of my Man's Music: I hope in Courtesy you will not deny me so small a Request. That we will not,* said they all.

Mikes thought now to have some Sport with them, which they had, and therefore played lustily upon his Tabbor and Pipe; as soon as they heard him play, (against their Wills) they fell a Dancing, and that after such a laborious Manner, that they quickly wearied themselves (for they had all that while the Bags of Money in their

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Hands.)

Hands.) Yet had Fryar Bacon, not Revenge enough of them, but bid his Man *Miles* lead them some larger Measure, as he thought fitting, which *Miles* did; he led them out of the House into the Fields, they followed him Dancing after a wild Manner: Then he led them over a small Dyke full of Water, but not so good a Way as he went, (for he went over the Bridge, but they by reason of their Dancing could not keep the Bridge, but fell off, dancing through the Water:) Then he led them through a Way where a Horse might very well have been taken up to the Belly: They followed him till they were as dirty as Swine wallowing in the Mire. Sometimes he gave them rest only to laugh at them; then they were so sleepy when he did not play, that they fell to the Ground. Then on a sudden would he play again, and make them start up and follow him. Thus he kept them the better part of the Night; at last, in pity, he

he left off playing, and let them rest.
They being asleep on the bare Ground,
he took their Money from them, and
gave them this Song for a Farewel.
To the Tune of,

O do me no Harm, Good-Man.

*You roaring Boys and sturdy Thieves,
you Pimps and Apple Squires :
Lament the Case of these poor Knaves,
and warm them by your Fires.*

They snorting lie, like Hogs in Sty,
but hardly are so warm :
If all that cheat, such hap should meet,
to true Men 'twere no Harm.

They Money had, which made them glad,
Their Joy did not endure ;
Were all Thieves serv'd as these have been,
I think there wou'd be fewer.

When that they wake, their Hearts will
to think upon their Loss ; [ake,
And though the Gallows they escape,
they go by Weeping-Cross.

*Your Trulls expect your coming Home,
With full and heavy Purse ;,
And when they see 'tis nothing so,
oh ! how they'll rail and curse.*

*For he that loves to keep a Whore,
must have a giving Hand,
Which makes so many Knaves be choak'd,
for bidding true Men stand.*

They were scarce any thing the better for this Song, for they slept all the while. So *Miles* left them at their Rest ; but they had small Cause to sleep so soundly as they did, for they were more wet than ever was Scold with Ducking. *Miles* gave his Master his Money again, and told the Story of his merry Pilgrimage : He laughed at it, and wished all Men had the like Power to serve all such Knaves in the like Kind. The Thieves waking in the Morning, and missing their Money, and seeing themselves in that Plight, thought

thought that they had been so served by some Divine Power, for robbing a Church-Man ; and therefore they swore one to the other, never to meddle with any Church-Man again.

C H A P. X.

How Vandermaft, for the Disgrace he had received by Fryar Bacon, sent a Soldier to kill him ; and how Fryar Bacon escaped killing, and turned the Soldier from an Atheist to be a good Christian.

FRyar Bacon sitting one Day in his Study, looked over all the Dangers that were to happen to him that Month ; there he found, that in the second Week of the Month, between Sun-rising and Setting, there was a great Danger to fall on him, which would, without great Care of Prevention, take away his Life. This Danger which he did so foresee, was caused by

by the *German Conjuror Vandermaſt*, for he vowed a Revenge for the Diſgrace he had received. To execute the ſame, he hired a *Walloon Soldier*, and gave him an hundred Crowns to do the ſame: fifty before-hand, and fifty when he had killed him.

Fryar *Bacon* to ſave himſelf, from this Danger that was like to happen to him, would always when he read hold a Ball of Braſs in his Hand, and under that Ball would he ſet a Baſon of Braſs, that if he chanced to ſleep in his reading, the Fall of the Ball out of his Hand into the Baſon, might wake him. Being one Day in his Study in this Manner aſleep, the *Walloon Soldier* was got in to him, and had drawn his Sword to kill him; but as he was ready to ſtrike, down fell the Ball out of Fryar *Bacon's* Hand, and waked him.

He ſeeing the Soldier ſtand there with a Sword drawn, aſked him what he was? And wherefore he came there.

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in that Manner? The Soldier boldly answered him thus: *I am a Walloon and a Soldier, and more than this, a Villain: I am come hither because I was sent; I was sent, because I was hired; I was hired, because I durst do it: The Thing I should do, is not done; the Thing to be done is to kill thee: Thus have you heard what I am, and why I came.*

Fryar Bacon wondered at this Man's Resolution, and asked him, who set him to work to be a Murderer? He boldly told him, *Vandermast*, the German Conjuror. Fryar Bacon then asked him, what Religion he was of? he answered, of that which many do profess, the chief Principles of which were these: To go to an Alehouse and to a Church with the same Devotion: To abstain from Evil for want of Action; and to do Good against their Wills. It is a good Profession for a Devil, said Fryar Bacon. Dost thou believe Hell? I believe no such Thing, answered

answered the Soldier. Then will I shew the contrary, said Fryar Bacon ; and presently raised the Ghost of *Julian* the *Apostate*, who came by with his Body burning, and so full of Wounds, that it almost frightened the Soldier out of his Wits. Then *Bacon* commanded this Spirit to speak, and to shew what he was, and wherefore he was thus tormented ? He answered them thus : *I some Time was a Roman Emperor ; (some count Greatness a Happiness ;) I had a Happiness beyond my Empire ; had I kept to that, I had been a happy Man ; I wish I had lost my Empire, when I lost that ; I was a Christian, that was my Happiness ; but my Self-love and Pride made me fall from it ; for which I now am punished with never-ceasing Torments, which must still endure : The same that I enjoy is now preparing for unbelieving Wretches like myself ; so he vanished away.*

All this while the Soldier stood quaking, and sweat as if he had felt the

the Torments himself; and falling down on his Knees, desired Fryar *Bacon* to instruct him in a better Course of Life, than he had hitherto lived. Fryar *Bacon* told him, that he should not want his Help in any thing: which he performed, instructing him better. Then he gave him Money, and sent him to the Wars of the *Holy-Land*, where he was slain.

C H A P. XI.

How Fryar Bacon deceived an old Usurer.

NOT far from Fryar *Bacon* dwelt an old Man that had great Store of Money, which he let out to Use, and would never do any good with it to the Poor, though Fryar *Bacon* had often put him in mind of it, and wisht him to do some Good whilst he lived. Fryar *Bacon* seeing this, by his Art made an Iron Pot, which seemed full
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of Gold; this being done, he went to this rich Usurer, and told him, that he had some Gold which he had gathered in his Time he had lived, but it being much in Quantity, he feared, if it were known, it would be taken from him, because it were unfitting a Man of his Coat should have so much: Now he desired that he would let him have some hundred Pounds, which was not the sixth Part of his Gold, and he should keep it for him. The Usurer was glad to hear of this, and told him he should have it, and he should keep the Gold as safe as he himself would. Fryar Bacon was glad to hear of this, and presently fetched the Pot, at the Sight of which the Usurer laughed, and thought to himself how all that Gold was his own, for he had a Determination to gull the Fryar, but he gulled himself. *See, here is the Gold, said Fryar Bacon, now let me have of you one hundred Pounds, and keep this Gold till I pay it back again:*

again : *Very willingly*, said the Ufurer, and told him one hundred Pounds out, which Fryar *Bacon* took, and delivered him the Pot and went his Way. This Money did Fryar *Bacon* give to diverse poor Scholars, and other People, and bid them pray for the old *good Gatherer's* Soul's Health ; (so was the Ufurer called ;) which these poor People did, and would give him Thanks and Prayers when they met him, which he did wonder at ; for he never deserved the Prayers of any Man. At last this old *good Gatherer* went to look on his Pot of Gold, but instead of Gold, he found nothing but Earth ; at which Sight he would have died, had not his other Gold hindered him, which he was to leave behind him ; so gathering up his Spirits, he went to Fryar *Bacon*, and told him he was abused and cheated, for which he would have the Law of him, unless he made him Restitution. Fryar *Bacon* told him he had not cheated him,

him, but been his faithful Steward to the Poor, which he could not chuse but know, either by their Prayers or their Thanks: and as for the Law he feared it not, but bid him do his worst. The Man seeing Fryar Bacon's Resolution went his way, and said, that hereafter he would be his own Steward.

C H A P. X.

How Miles, Fryar Bacon's Man, did conjure for Meat, and got Meat for himself and his Host.

MILES chanced one Day upon some Business, to go about six Miles from Home, and being loth to part with some Company that he had, he was belated, and could get but half Way home that Night; to save his Purse he went to a House that was his Master's Acquaintance, but when he came, the good Man of the House was
not

not at Home, and the Woman would not let him have Lodging. *Miles* seeing such cold Entertainment, wisht he had not troubled her, but being there, he was loth to go any farther, and therefore with Words he perswaded her to give him Lodging that Night. She told him she would willingly do it, if her Husband were at home, but he being out of Town, it would discredit her to lodge any Man. *You need not mistrust me said Miles, for I have no Thought to attempt your Chastity ; lock me in any Place where there is a Bed, and I will not trouble you till to-morrow I rise.* She thinking her Husband would be angry if she should deny any of his Friends so small a Request, consented he should lye there, if he would be locked up. *Miles* was contented, and presently went to Bed, and she locked him into the Chamber where he lay.

Long he had not been a Bed, but he heard the Door open, with that he
arose

arose and peep'd through the Chink of the Partition, and saw an old Man come in : This Man set down his Basket he had on his Arm, and gave the Woman of the House three or four sweet Kisses, which made *Miles's* Mouth run with Water to see it: Then did he undo his Basket, and pulled out of it a fat Capon ready roasted, and Bread, with a Bottle of good old Sack, this gave he unto her, saying, *Sweetheart, hearing thy Husband was out of Town, I thought good to visit thee, I am not come empty-handed, but have brought something to be merry withal ; lay the Cloth sweet Honey, and let us first to Banquet and then to Bed.* She kindly thanked him, and presently did as he bid her ; they were scarce set at the Table, but her Husband returning back, knocked at the Door. The Woman hearing this, was amazed, and knew not what to do with her old Lover ? but looking on her Apron-strings she strait found (as

Women

Women use to do) a Trick to put herself free from this Fear : she put her Lover under the Bed, the Capon and Bread she put under the Tub, the Bottle of Wine she put under the Chest, and then she opened the Door, and with a dissembling Kiss welcomed her Husband home, asking him the Reason why he returned so quickly ? He told her, he had forgot the Money he should have carried with him, but on the Morrow betimes he would be gone. *Miles* saw and heard all this, and having a Desire to taste of the Capon and Wine, called to the Goodman. He asked his Wife, who that was ? She told him, an Acquaintance of his, that intreated Lodging there that Night. He bid her open the Door, which she did, and let *Miles* out. He seeing *Miles* there, bid him welcome, and bid his Wife set some Meat on the Table ; she told him there was not any ready, but prayed him to keep his Stomach till to-morrow, and
the

she would provide them a good Breakfast. Since it is so *Miles*, said the Goodman, we must rest content, and sleep out our Hunger: Nay stay, said *Miles*, if you can eat, I can find you good Meats. I am a Scholar, and have some Art. I would fain see it, said the Good-Man. You shall, quoth *Miles*, and that presently. With that *Miles* pulled forth a Book out of his Bosom, and began his Conjurati^on in this Fashion.

*From the fearful Lake below,
From whence Spirits come and go,
Straightway come one, and attend
Fryar Bacon's Man and Friend.*

Comes there none yet, quoth *Miles*?
Then I must use some other Charm.

*Now the Owl is flown abroad,
For I hear the croaking Toad,
And the Bat that shuns the Day,
Through the Dark doth make her Way.*

Now

*Now the Ghosts of Men do rise,
And with fearful hideous Cries,
Seek Revengement (from the Good)
On their Heads that spill that Blood;
Come, some Spirit, quick, I say,
Night's the Devil's Holy-day:
Where'ere you be in Dens or Lake,
In the Ivy, Yew, or Brake:
Quickly come and me attend,
That am Bacon's Man and Friend,
But will have you take no Shape
Of a Bear, a Horse, or Ape:
Nor will I have you terrible,
And therefore come invisible.*

Now he is come, quoth *Miles*, and therefore tell me, what Meat you will have mine Host? Any thing, *Miles*, said the good Man, what thou wilt. Why then, said *Miles*, what say you to a Capon? I love it above all Meat, said the good Man. Why then, a Capon you shall have, and a good one too. *Bemo*, my Spirit, I have raised to do me Service, I charge thee seek

D

and

and search about the Earth, and bring me hither strait the best of Capons ready roasted; then stood he still a little, as though he had attended the coming of his Spirit, and on a sudden said, it is well done, *Bemo*; he hath brought me, mine Host, a fat Capon from the King of *Tripoli's* own Table, and Bread with it. Ay, but where is it, *Miles*? said the Host; I see neither Spirit nor Capon. Look under the Tub, quoth *Miles*, and you will find it. He presently did; and brought (to his Wife's Grief) the Capon and Bread out. Stay, quoth *Miles*, we do want some Drink that's comfortable and good: I think, mine Host, a Bottle of *Malaga* Sack would not be amiss: I will have it. *Bemo*, hast thee to *Malaga*, and fetch me from the Governor a Bottle of his best Sack.

The Woman thought he would have betrayed her and her Lover, and therefore wish'd he had been hanged when

when he came first into the House. He having stood a little while, as afore-said : *Well done, Bemo ; Look behind the great Chest, mine Host ;* he did so, and brought the Bottle of Sack. Now, quoth he, *Miles sit down and welcome to thy own Cbeer : You may see, Wife, quoth he, what a Man of Art can do, get a fat Capon and a Bottle of good Wine in a quarter of an Hour, and for nothing, which is best of all : Come, good Wife, sit down and be merry, for all this is paid for, I thank Miles.*

She sat and could not eat one Bit for Anger, but wish'd every Bit they eat might choak them : Her old Lover too that lay under the Bed all this while, was ready to bepiss himself for fear, for he still expected when *Miles* would discover him.

When they had eaten and drank well, the good Man desired *Miles* that he would let him see the Spirit that had fetched them this good Cbeer ; *Miles* seemed unwilling, and told him,

it was against the Laws of 'Art to let an illiterate Man see a Spirit, but for once he would let him see it, and told him withal, he must open the Door, and soundly beat the Spirit, or else he should be troubled hereafter with it. And because he should not fear it, he would put him into the Shape of some one of his Neighbours.

The good Man told him not to doubt his Valour, he would beat him soundly; and to that Purpose he took a good Cudgel in his Hand, and did stand ready for him. Then Miles went to the Bed-side, under which the old Man lay, and began to conjure with these Words:

*Bemo, quickly come appear,
Like an old Man that dwells near,
Quickly rise, and in his Shape,
From this House make thy Escape;
Quickly rise, or else I swear,
I'll put thee in a worser Fear.*

The

The old Man seeing no Remedy, but that he must needs come forth, put a good Face on it, and rose from under the Bed: Behold my Spirit, quoth *Miles*, that brought me all that I have had. Now be as good as your Word, and swaddle him soundly. I protest, said the good Man, your Devil is as like good Man *Stumpe* the Tooth-drawer, as Pomewater is like an Apple. Is it possible that your Spirit can take other Men's Shapes? I'll teach this to keep his own Shape: With that he beat the old Man soundly, so that *Miles* was fain to take him off, and put the old Man out of Door, after some laughing; but the Woman could not sleep for Grief, her old Lover had had such hard Usage for her Sake.

C H A P. XI.

How Fryar Bacon helped a Young Man to his Sweetheart, whom Fryar Bungey would have married to another; and of the Mirth that was at the Wedding.

AN Oxfordshire Gentleman, that had a long Time loved a fair Maid, called *Millisant*; this Love of his was as kindly received of her, as it was freely given of him; so that there wanted nothing to the finishing of their Joys, but the Consent of her Father, who would not grant that she should be his Wife, (though formerly he had been a Means to further the Match) by reason there was a Knight that was a Suitor to her, and desired that he might have her to his Wife: But this Knight could never get from her the least Token of Good-will; so firmly was

was her Love fixt upon the Gentleman.

This Knight seeing himself thus despised, went to Fryar *Bungey*, and told him his Mind, and promised him a good Piece of Money, if he could get her for him, either by Art or Counsel.

Bungey, being covetous, told him, that there was no better way (in his Mind) than to get her, with her Father, to go take the Air in a Coach; and if he could do so, he would by his Art so direct the Horses, that they should come to an old Chappel, where he would attend, and there they might be married privately.

The Knight rewarded him for his Counsel, and told him, that if it took effect, he would be more bountiful unto him, and presently went to her Father; and told him of this: He liked it well, and forced the poor Maid to ride with them. As soon as they were in the Coach, the Horses

ran presently to the Chappel, where they found Fryar *Bungey* waiting for them: At the Sight of the Church and the Priest, the poor Maid knew she was betrayed, so that for Grief she fell into a Swoon; her Father and the Knight seeing that, were very much grieved, and used their Endeavour for her Recovery.

In the mean time, her best Beloved, the Gentleman, came to her Father's House, to visit her, but finding her not there, and hearing she was gone with her Father and the Knight, he mistrusted some foul Play, and in all haste went to Fryar *Bacon*, and desired some Help of him to recover his Love again, whom he feared was utterly lost.

Fryar *Bacon* knowing him for a virtuous Gentleman, pitied him, and to give his Grievs some Release, shewed him a Glass, wherein any one might see any thing done (within fifty Miles Space) that they desired. So soon as
he

he had looked in the Glafs, he ſaw his Love *Millifant* with her Father and the Knight, ready to be married by Fryar *Bungey*. At the Sight of this he cry'd out he was undone, for now he ſhould loſe his Life in loſing of his Love. Fryar *Bacon* bid him take Comfort, for he would prevent the Marriage : So taking the Gentleman in his Arms, he ſet him down in the enchanted Chair, and ſuddenly they were carried through the Air to the Chappel. Juſt as they came in, Fryar *Bungey* was joining their Hands to marry them : But Fryar *Bacon* ſpoiled his Speech, for he ſtruck him dumb, ſo that he could not ſpeak a Word.

Then he raiſed ſuch a great Miſt in the Chappel, that neither the Father could ſee his Daughter, nor the Daughter her Father, nor the Knight either of them. Then took he *Millifant* by the Hand, and led her to the Man ſhe moſt deſired : They both

wept for Joy, that they so happily once more were met, and kindly thanked Fryar *Bacon*.

It greatly pleased Fryar *Bacon* to see the Passion of these two Lovers, and seeing them both contented, he married them at the Chappel-door, whilst her Father, the Knight, and Fryar *Bungey* were groping within, and could not find the way out. Now when he had married them, he bid them get Lodging at the next Village, and he would send his Man with Money; (for the Gentleman was not stored, and he had a great Way to his House;) they did as he bade them.

That Night he sent his Man *Miles* with Money to them; but he kept her Father, the Knight and Fryar *Bungey*, till the next Day at Noon in the Chappel, before he released them.

The Gentleman and his new married Wife made that Night a great Supper for Joy of their Marriage, and
bid

bid to it most of the Village: They wanted nothing but Musick, for which they made great Moan. This Want Fryar Bacon (though he was absent) supplied; for after Supper there came such a Mask, that the like was never seen in that Village: For first, there was heard most sweet still Musick; then came three Apes and three Monkeys, each of them carrying a Torch. After them followed six Apes and Monkeys more, all drest in antick Coats; these last six fell a Dancing in such an odd Manner, that they moved all the Beholders to much Laughter; so after diverse antick Changes, they did Reverence to the Bridegroom and Bride, and so departed as they came in.

They all did marvel whence these came; but the Bridegroom knew that it was Fryar Bacon's Art that gave them this Grace to their Wedding.

When all this was done, to Bed they went, and enjoyed their Wishes. The

next Day he went home to his own House with the Bride, and for the Cost he had bestowed on them, most Part of the Towns-folks brought them on their Way.

Miles made one amongst them too ; he for his Master's Sake was so plyed with Cups, that he in three Days scarce was sober : For his Welcome, at his Departure, he gave them this Song.

To the Tune of, *I have been a Fidler.*

*And did not you hear of a Mirth that
besel,*

*The Morrow after a Wedding-Day ;
At carrying a Bride at home to dwell,
And away to Twiver, away, away.*

*The Quintin was set, and the Garlands
were made,*

*'Tis pity old Customs should ever decay ;
And Woe be to him that was hors'd on
a Jade,*

For he carry'd no Credit away, away.

We

*We met a Consort of Fiddle-de-dees,
We set them a Cock-horse, and made
them to play,
The winning of Bullan and Upsyfrees,
And away to Twiver, away, away.*

*There was ne'er a Lad in all the Parish,
That would go to Plow that Day;
But on his Fore-Horse his Wenck he carries,
And away to Twiver, away, away.*

*The Butler was quick, and the Ale he
did tap,
The Maidens did make the Chambers
full gay;
The Servingmen gave me a Fuddling-Cap,
And I did carry it away, away.*

*The Smith of the Town his Liquor so took,
That he was persuaded the Ground
looked blue,
And I dare boldly swear on a Book,
Such Smiths as be there be but few.*

*A Posset was made, and the Women did sip,
And simpering said, they could eat no
more ;*

*Full many a Maid was laid on the Lip,
I'll say no more, but so give o'er.*

They kindly thanked *Miles* for his Song, and so sent him home with a Fox at his Tail. His Master asked him where he had been so long? He told him at the Wedding. I know that, said Fryar *Bacon*, that thou hast been there ; and know also, thou Beast, that thou hast been every Day drunk. That is the worst you can say by me, Master ; for still poor Men must be drunk, if they take a Cup more than ordinary ; but it is not so with the Rich. Why, how is it with the Rich then ? I will tell you in few Words.

*Lawyers they are sick,
And Fryars are ill at ease,
But poor Men they are drunk,
And all is one Disease.*

Well

Well, Sirrah, said Fryar *Bacon*, let me not hear any more that you are infected with this Disease, lest I give you four Sauce to your sweet Meat. Thus did Fryar *Bacon* help these two Lovers, who in a short Time got the Love of the old Man, and lived in great Joy : Fryar *Bungey's* Tongue was again let loose, and all were Friends.

C H A P. XII.

How Vandermaſt and Fryar Bungey met ; and how they ſtrove who ſhould excel each other in their Conjurations ; and of their Deaths.

*V*Andermaſt thinking that Fryar *Bacon* had been dead, came into England, and in *Kent* met with Fryar *Bungey* ; he owing him no Good-will for Fryar *Bacon's* Sake, took his Horſe out of the Stable, and inſtead of it, left a Spirit like it. Fryar *Bungey* in the Morning roſe, and mounting his Spirit (which

(which he thought had been his Horse) rode on his Journey: But he riding through a Water, was left in the middle of it by this Spirit, and being thus wet, he returned to his Inn.

At the Inn-Door *Vandermaſt* met him, and asked him if that were ſwimming Time of the Year? *Bungey* told him, if he had been ſo well hors'd as he was when Fryar *Bacon* ſent him into *Germany*, he might have eſcaped the Waſhing. At this *Vandermaſt* bit his Lip, and ſaid no more, but went in. *Bungey* thought he would be even with him, which was in this manner: *Vandermaſt* loved a Wench well, that was in the Houſe, and fought many Times to win her with Gold, Love, or Promiſes. *Bungey* knowing this, ſhaped a Devil like the Wench, which he ſent to *Vandermaſt*:

Vandermaſt appointed the Spirit (thinking it had been the Wench) to come to his Chamber that Night, and was very joyful that he ſhould enjoy
her

enjoy her at last ; but this Joy turned into Sorrow, and his Hopes into a bad Night's Lodging : For Fryar *Bungey* had spread such a Sheet on the Bed, that no sooner was he laid (with the Spirit) on it, but it was carried through the Air, and let fall into a deep Pond, where *Vandermast* had surely been drowned, if he had not had the Art of swimming. He got quickly out of the Pond, and shook himself like a Water-Spaniel ; but being out, he was as much vexed as before, for he could not find the Way home, but was glad to keep himself warm with walking.

Next Day, when he came to his Inn, Fryar *Bungey* asked him how he liked his Wench ? He said, so well, that he wished him such another. *Bungey* told him, That his Order forbade him the Use of any ; and therefore he might keep them for his Friends : Thus did they continually vex each other, both in Words and ill Actions. *Vandermast* desirous to do
Fryar

Fryar *Bungey* a Mischief, did challenge him to the Field (not to fight at Sword and Dagger, single Rapier, or Case of Ponyards, but at worser Weapons, for it was that Diabolical Art of Magick) there to shew which of them was most Cunning, or had most Power over the Devil. *Bungey* accepted of his Challenge, and both provided themselves of Things belonging to the Art, and to the Field they went.

There they both spread their Circles some hundred Foot from one another; and after some other Ceremonies did *Vandermaſt* begin: He by his Charms did raise a fiery Dragon, which ran about Fryar *Bungey's* Circle, and did scorch him with his Heat, so that he was almost ready to melt. Fryar *Bungey* tormented *Vandermaſt* in another Element; for he raised up the Sea-Monster that *Perſeus* killed, when he did redeem the fair *Andromeda*. This Sea-Monster ran about *Vandermaſt*, and such Floods of Water he did

did send out of his wide Mouth, that *Vandermaſt* was almoſt drowned. Then Fryar *Bungey* raiſe a Spirit up like *St. George*, who fought with the Dragon and killed it; *Vandermaſt* (following his Example) raiſed up *Perſeus*, who fought alſo with the Sea-monſter, and killed it: So they were both releaſed from their Danger.

They being not contented with this Tryal of their Skill, went further to their Conjurations. *Bungey* charged his Spirit to aſſiſt him with his greateſt Power he had, that by it he might be able to overcome *Vandermaſt*. The Devil told him he would, if he from his Left-Arm would give him three Drops of Blood. But if he did deny him that, then ſhould *Vandermaſt* have Power over him to do what he would; the like told *Vandermaſt's* Devil to him: To this Demand of the Spirits they both agreed, thinking to overcome each other; but the Devil overthrew them both.

They

They having given the Devil this Blood, as is before spoken of, both fell again to their Conjurations; first, *Bungey* did raise *Achilles* with his *Greeks*, who marched about *Vandermaſt*, and threatned him. Then *Vandermaſt* raised *Heſtor* with his *Trojans*, who defended him from *Achilles* and the *Greeks*. Then began there a great Battle between the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, which continued a long Space. At laſt *Heſtor* was ſlain, and the *Trojans* fled. Then did follow a great Tempeſt, with Thundering and Lightning, ſo that the two Conjurors wiſhed they had been away. But Wiſhes were in vain, for now the Time was come that the Devil would be paid for the Knowledge he had lent them, he would tarry no longer; but then he took them in the Height of their Wickedneſs, and bereft them of their Lives.

When the Tempeſt was ended, (which did greatly affright the Towns thereby) the Townſmen found the
Bodies

Bodies of these two Men *Vandermaſt* and *Bungey*, breathleſs, and ſtrangely burnt with Fire. The one had Chriſtian Burial becauſe of his Order's ſake; the other, becauſe he was a Stranger. Thus was the End of theſe two famous Conjurors.

C H A P. XIII.

*How Miles would conjure for Money,
and how he broke his Leg for Fear.*

MILES one Day finding his Maſter's Study open, ſtole out of it one of his conjuring Books; with this Book would *Miles* needs conjure for ſome Money; for he ſaw that his Maſter had Money enough, and he deſired the like, which did make him bold to trouble one of his Maſter's Devils. In a private Place he thought it beſt to do it: Therefore he went up to the Top of the Houſe, and there began to read: Long he had not read,
but

but a Devil came to him, in an ugly Shape, and asked him what he would have? *Miles* being frightened, could not speak, but stood quaking there like an Aspen-leaf, the Devil, seeing him so, (to increase his Fear) raised a Tempest, and hurled Fire about, which made *Miles* leap from off the Leads, and with the Fall broke his Leg.

Fryar *Bacon* hearing this Noise, ran forth, and found his Man *Miles* on the Ground, and the Devil hurling Fire on the Housetop. First laid he the Devil again, then went he to his Man, and asked him how he got this broken Leg? He told him that the Devil did it; for he had frightened him, and made him leap off from the House-top. What didst thou there? said his Master. I went to conjure, Sir, said *Miles*, for Money, but I have gotten nothing but a broken Leg; and now I must beg for Money to cure that, if you be not the more pitiful to me.

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I have oftentimes given you Warning not to meddle with my Books, said his Master, and yet will you still be doing it : Take heed, you had best, how you deal with the Devil again, for he that had Power to break your Leg, will break your Neck, if you again meddle with him. For this I do forgive you, and your Leg breaking hath paid for your Sawciness, and though I gave you not a broken Head, I will give you a Plaister, and so sent him to the Surgeon.

C H A P.

C H A P. XIV.

How two Young Gentlemen, that came to Fryar Bacon to know how their Fathers did, killed one another; and how Fryar Bacon for Grief broke his rare Glass, wherein he could see any Thing that was done within fifty Miles about him.

IT is spoken of before now, that Fryar Bacon had a Glass which was of that excellent Nature, that any Man might behold any thing that he desired to see, within the Compass of fifty Miles round about him: With this Glass he had pleased diverse People; for Fathers did often desire to see by it, how their Children did; and Children, how their Parents did; and one Friend how another did; and one Enemy sometimes, how his Enemies did: So that from far, they would come to see this wonderful Glass.

It happened one Day, that there came to him two young Gentlemen, that were Countrymen and Neighbour's Children, to know of him by his Glass, how their Fathers did; he being no niggard of his Cunning, let them see his Glass, wherein they beheld their Wishes, which (through their own Follies) they bought, at the Loss of their Lives, as you shall hear.

The Fathers of these two Gentlemen (in their Son's Absence) were become great Foes; the Hatred between them was grown to such a Height, that wheresoever they met they had not only Words, but Blows.

Just at the Time that their Sons were looking to see how they were in Health, they were met, and had drawn, and were together by the Ears.

Their Sons seeing this, and having been always great Friends, knew not what to say to one another, but beheld each other with angry Looks:

E

At

At last one of their Fathers, as they might perceive in the Glass, had a Fall; and the other taking the Advantage, stood over him, ready to strike him. The Son of him that was down, could then contain himself no longer, but told the other young Man, that his Father had received Wrong. He answered, it was fair. At last there grew such foul Words between them, and their Bloods were so heated, that they immediately stabbed one another with their Daggers, and both fell down dead.

Fryar *Bacon* seeing them fall, ran to them, but it was too late; for they were both breathless before he came: This grieved him exceedingly, he judging they had received the Cause of their Deaths by his Glass, took the Glass in his Hand, and uttered Words to this Effect.

Wretched *Bacon*, wretched in thy Knowledge; in thy Understanding
wretched:

wretched : for thy Art hath been the
Ruin of these two Gentlemen. Had
I been buſied in thoſe Holy Things
which my Order ties me to, I had
not had Time to make this wicked
Glaſs : Wicked I well may call it,
that is the Cauſe of ſo vile an Act :
Would it were ſenſible, then ſhould
it feel my Wrath, but being as it is,
I will ruin it, for ruining of them.
And with that he broke his rare and
wonderful Glaſs, the like of it the
whole World had not. In this Grief
of his, there came News to him of
the Deaths of *Vandermaſt* and Fryar
Bungey : This did increaſe his Grief,
inſomuch that in three Days he
would not eat any thing, but kept
his Chamber.

C H A P. XV.

How Fryar Bacon burnt his Books of Magick, and applied himself to the Study of Divinity only; and how he turned Anchorite.

IN the mean Time that Fryar Bacon kept his Chamber, he fell into diverse Meditations; sometimes into the Vanity of Arts and Sciences; then would he condemn himself for studying those Things that were so contrary to his Order, and his Soul's Health; and would say, *That Magick made a Man a Devil*; sometimes he would meditate on Divinity, then would he blame himself for neglecting the Study of it, and for studying Magick: Sometimes would he meditate on the Shortness of Man's Life; then would he condemn himself for spending a Time
so

so short, so ill as he had done his: So would he go from one thing to another; and in all condemn his former Studies.

And that the World should know how truly he repented his wicked Life, he caused a great Fire to be made, and sending for many of his Friends, Scholars, and others, he spake to them after this Manner: My good Friends and Fellow-Students, it is not unknown to you, that through my Art I have attained to that Credit, that few Men living ever had: Of the Wonders I have done, all *England* can speak, both King and Commons: I have unlocked the Secrets of Art and Nature, and let the World see those Things that have lain since the Death of *Hermes*, that rare and profound Philosopher: My Studies have found out the Secrets of the Stars; the Books that I have made of them, serve for Precedents to our greatest Doctors; so

excellent hath my Judgment been therein.

I likewise have found out the Secrets of Trees, Plants and Stones, with their several Uses; yet all this Knowledge of mine I esteem so lightly, that I wish I were ignorant and knew nothing; for the Knowledge of these Things, serves not to better a Man in Goodness, but only to make him proud, and over-value himself. What hath all my Knowledge of Nature's Secrets gained me? Only this, the Loss of a better Knowledge; the Loss of Divine Studies, which makes the immortal Part of Man (his Soul) blessed.

I have found that my Knowledge hath been a heavy Burthen, and hath kept down my good Thoughts; but I will remove the Cause, which are these Books; which I here purpose before before you all, to burn. They all intreated him to spare the Books, because in them were those Things
that

that After-Ages might receive great Benefit by. He would not hearken to them, but threw them all into the Fire, and in that Flame burnt the greatest Learning in the World.

Then he disposed of all his Goods ; some Part he gave to poor Scholars, and some he gave to poor Folks, leaving nothing for himself. Then he caused a Cell to be made in the Church-Wall, where he locked himself in, and there remained to his Death. His Time he spent in Prayer, Meditation, and such Divine Exercises, and used all Means to persuade Men from the Study of Magick.

Thus lived he two Years in that Cell, never coming forth ; his Meat and Drink he received in at a Window, and at that Window he discoursed with those that came to him : he dug his Grave with his own Nails, and was laid there when he died.

Thus

Thus was the Life and Death of this famous Fryar, who lived most Part of his Life a Magician, and died a true penitent Sinner and an *Anchorite*.

F I N I S.

